

Of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd  
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;  
At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor  
Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and John Cav,  
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. That was hee  
That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The same,  
All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine  
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;  
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,  
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all  
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare  
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was flir'd  
With such an Agony, he sweat extremly,  
And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:  
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,  
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,  
He neuer was so womanish, the cause  
He may a little grieue at.

2. Certainly,  
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,  
By all coniectures: First *Kildares* Attendure;  
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd  
Earle *Surrey*, was sent thither, and in hast too,  
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That trick of State  
Was a deepe eniuous one,

1. At his returne,  
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted  
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,  
The Cardinall instantly will finde imployment,  
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons  
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience  
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much  
They loue and deate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,  
The Mirror of all courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement, Tipstanes before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.*

1. Stay there Sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;  
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.  
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors Iudgement,  
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witness,  
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,  
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.  
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,  
Thas done vpon the premisses, but Iustice:  
But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians;  
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;  
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefs

Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;  
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne're hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies  
More then I dare make faults.  
You few that lou'd me,  
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,  
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue  
Is only bitter to him, only dying:  
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,  
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,  
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,  
And lift my Soule to Heauen.  
Lead on a Gods name.

*Louell.* I doe beseech your Grace, for charity  
If euer any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgiue me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgiue you  
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all,  
There cannot be those numberlesse offences  
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:  
No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue,  
Commend mee to his Grace:

And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,  
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vovs and prayers  
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue  
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;  
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;  
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument.

*Lou.* To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;  
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready;  
And fit it with such furniture as suites  
The Greatnesse of his Person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,  
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*,  
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,  
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now scale it;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groane forth.  
My noble Father *Henry of Buckingham*,  
Who first rais'd head against *Vsurping Richard*,  
Flying for succour to his Seruant *Banister*,  
Being distrest; was by that wretch betrayd,  
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.  
*Henry* the Seauenth succeeding, truly pittying  
My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince  
Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines  
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,  
*Henry the Eight*, Life, Honour, Name and all  
That made me happy; at one stroke ha's taken  
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,  
And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me  
A little happier then my wretched Father:  
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both  
Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:  
A most vnnatural and faithlesse Seruice.  
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,  
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:  
Where you are liberrall of your loues and Counsels,  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, neuer found againe  
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people  
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre  
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:  
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,  
Speake how I fell.  
I haue done; and God forgiue me.

*Exeunt Duke and Traine.*

1. O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it cals  
I feare, too many curses on their heads  
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,  
Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling  
Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,  
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:  
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?  
2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith to conceale it.

1. Let me haue it:

I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident;

You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare  
A buzzing of a Separation  
Betwene the King and *Katherine*?

1. Yes, but it held not;  
For when the King once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight  
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander Sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen  
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine  
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,  
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice  
To the good Queene, posselt him with a scruple  
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,  
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,  
As all thinke for this busines.

1. Tis the Cardinall;  
And meere to reuenge him on the Emperour,  
For not bestowing on him at his asking,  
The Archbishopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2. I thinke

You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,  
That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall  
Will haue his will, and she must fall.

1. Tis wofull.

Wee are too open heere to argue this:

Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.*

*My Lord, the Horfes your Lordship sent for, with all the  
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.  
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the  
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man  
of my Lord Cardinalls by Commission, and maine power tooke  
em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee seru'd be-*

*fore a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouths  
Sir.*

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee  
will haue all I thinke.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-  
folke and Suffolke.*

*Nor.* Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

*Cham.* Good day to both your Graces.

*Suff.* How is the King imployd?

*Cham.* I left him priuate,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife  
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.

*Suff.* No, his Conscience

Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

*Nor.* Tis so;

This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,  
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,  
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

*Suff.* Pray God he doe,

Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.

*Nor.* How holily he workes in all his businesse,  
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League  
Betwene vs & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)  
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there icaters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,

Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.

And out of all these, to restore the King,

He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her

That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty yeares

About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;

Other that loues him with that excellence,

That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,

That when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls

Will blisse the King: and is not this course pious?

*Cham.* Heauen keep me from such counsel: tis most true

These newes are euery where, euery tongue speaks 'em,

And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare

Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,

The French Kings Sister. Heauen will one day open

The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept vpon

This bold bad man.

*Suff.* And free vs from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliuerance;

Or this imperious man will worke vs all

From Princes into Pages: all mens honours

Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

*Suff.* For me, my Lords,

I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

If the King please: his Curses and his blessings

Touch me alike: thare breath I not beleue in.

I knew him, and I know him: so I leaue him

To him that made him proud; the Pope.

*Nor.* Let's in;

And with some other busines, put the King

From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:

My Lord, youle beare vs company?

*Cham.* Excuse me,

The King ha's sent me elsewhere: Besides

You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:

Health to your Lordships.

*Nor.*